

DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. III.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1853.

NO. 16.

Dwight's Journal of Music,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

TERMS....TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, (IN ADVANCE.)

CITY Subscribers can be served at their houses by the further payment of fifty cents per annum.

For Rates of Advertising, see last page.

POSTAGE, if paid in advance, for any distance within the State, thirteen cents a year; if not in advance, twenty-six cents. To all places beyond the State, double these rates.

J. S. DWIGHT,.....EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St.

By REDDING & CO., 8 State St.

" GEO. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row.

" A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I.

" DEXTER & BROTHERS, 43 Ann Street, N. Y.

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Translated for this Journal.

A Sketch of Madame Mara.

From the German of F. ROCHLITZ.

[Continued.]

Such was Gertrude in her last years in Leipsic (1770 and 1771); and it is time that we return to the events of her life. A little episode, which occurred in the former of these two years, will serve us for a stepping-stone.

The elector of Saxony and his high house had not wholly abandoned their old custom of visiting Leipsic during the Fair. As concerts formed a part of the entertainments offered by the city to its noble guests, Gertrude became known to them and was noticed with the distinction she deserved. The system of extreme economy, which had become so indispensable, both to the electoral house and to the whole land, had greatly limited the Art institutions of the earlier and more brilliant Polish period, particularly the theatre, and most of all the costly Italian opera; even Hasse and his then world-renowned FAUSTINA had retired to Venice: it had grown very still at court, and those who had known it in its glittering and stirring days,

now found it lonely. And perhaps no one more so than the widowed electroress, Maria Antonia, who had not only been the focus of the old festivities, but who was a zealous patroness of the fine arts which lent them so much lustre. (She practised painting and music with considerable skill herself.)

This princess sought now to retain or win such artists of excellence, as were willing to adapt themselves to the existing circumstances. The Opera was just now destitute of a distinguished prima donna; Maria Antonia thought of Gertrude, and sent for her to come to Dresden to attempt the principal rôle in one of Hasse's operas. Gertrude was twenty-one years old, had never trod the stage, never cultivated in herself any of its requirements, and had altogether neglected the bearing and movement, and still more the art of embellishing and making the most of her person; so that, as Hiller expressed it, she could neither go nor stand. But that will all come right! said father Hiller. One must try every thing! thought Gertrude.—She started off, arrived, and was presented to the widowed Princess, who saw at a glance what there was wanting. She took compassion on her, had assistance given her, as far as it was possible in so short a time—which truly was not far—and arranged that she should rehearse the principal scenes and decisive situations in her own rooms before her eyes. Gertrude appeared and returned richly rewarded to Leipsic. With eager curiosity her friends received her: "Well, how did it go in Dresden?"

"Ah, how do I know!" answered Gertrude.

"You pleased them, surely?"

"So they say. They pulled and worked over me; then they dressed me up, like a milliner's stock; and finally they shoved me off. So I have been on the stage and have sung. What a lay-figure I must have looked like in the character of queen Semiramis!"

"But at least they had taught you what was most indispensable,—what to do and how to demean yourself?"

"Certainly! I knew every time I went on how it ought to be."

Gertrude's fame now began to spread abroad. They spoke of her to King Frederic the Second of Prussia. This monarch, since the seven years' war, and since he had left off playing the flute himself, had begun to grow indifferent to music and to his musicians. As he had formerly found his favorite recreation in this art, and as he had

nothing now to fill the void, he was visited by more frequent returns of certain melancholy and to others often painful hours, than formerly. This they thought to remedy, could they only revive the old love of music in him. He would be tractable, they thought, to Gertrude's singing: so they told the king of her and tried to move him to take her into his service. King Frederic despised German singers, as well as German poets, although he had heard the former as little as he had read the latter; in fact, he compared the efforts of the former to the neighing of his horse. He rejected the proposal. But finally they persuaded him to hear Gertrude once. So she was summoned to Berlin. She arrived; and after a few days they carried her to Potsdam to sing in one of those famous chamber concerts of the king, in which he had been used to play the flute himself.

Gertrude was led into the concert room and placed at the little singer's desk by the piano. She saw the king sitting opposite the piano. Bending forward he fastened that piercing falcon eye of his upon her: she stood there calmly. Approach him she dared not; but as he kept his look still fixed on her, the concert master, Franz Benda, who knew his sovereign's ways, led her a little nearer to him. "She will sing me something?" said the king in his dry and hollow tone. "If your majesty commands it." "Aye, let her sing!" Gertrude, sure of her case, sang without any fear. By the advice of some interested persons she had selected one of the greatest arias of Graun, whom the king had valued, and indeed even loved. He knew the air and listened with attention. When she had finished he said in a friendly tone: "She did that well. Can she sing from notes, too?" He meant, at sight, a *prima vista*; and so Gertrude understood it. She answered with composure: Yes. Whereupon the king himself brought one of the most difficult bravura airs, also by Graun, which the singer could not have known. He opened the score, saying: "The aria is good. That there"—pointing to some long artificial roulades—"that is stupid stuff: but if it is well sung, it sounds quite prettily. There, sing it!"—He handed her the notes, the parts were placed around, and the *ritornel* commenced. Gertrude sung it, and, as she said afterwards, at least without mistakes. When she had done, the king said: "Yes, she can sing." Then he made a few inquiries into her circumstances, to which Gertrude gave simple and fearless answers, and then left her.

In the succeeding weeks Gertrude was frequently sent for to Potsdam and sang before the king. Then a proposal was made to her to enter his service, which she seized upon with joy, and a pension for life of three thousand thalers was settled upon her. She had proposed to herself a journey to Italy, to complete her cultivation; but king Frederic decided: "She must remain here; there she will learn nothing new."

So now her subsistence was secured to her; her position was honorable, not laborious, and, as things then were, very advantageous. She found continual joy and satisfaction in her art, besides employment and support; while she was obliged to appear beside Concialini and Porporino, and emulate their perfection in the *adagio*—until then not her *forte*. The great king continually applauded and distinguished her; the public received her with esteem and favor, and her income was before long doubled. And so she would have led an exceedingly desirable, worthy and contented life, had not her hour arrived, though somewhat late indeed, yet not the less decisively, for becoming a wife. Until then she had taken no interest, or only a passing one, in men; she could not even imagine herself in any nearer relation with them, laughed at love-matches, and took it ill when she was jestingly rallied by her older friends: that she possessed a heart, or the capacity of loving, she had been conscious only in her art. Here, in her brilliant, advantageous position, she became an object of speculation to many who would have made their fortune through her: short and indifferent, however, she repelled all advances, until Herr MARA, of the private chapel of Prince Henry of Prussia, approached her with a similar design: and now, as if all at once, she was enchanted and transported.

Mara was not older than Gertrude: a handsome man and a distinguished violencellist; whatever else he was, was quite suspicious. Wild, arrogant, extravagant, a spendthrift, sinking in the indulgence of passion from one disorder to another—so he was esteemed by all who knew him well: and he has since confirmed this judgment before all the world so fully, that we need not scruple to repeat it here. Mara, too intimate with women, as Gertrude had not been at all with men, soon noticed the impression he had made upon her; he besieged her, now with impassioned wooing and now with lordly arrogance, and so seized and bound her once strong, steadfast soul entirely to himself. The relation did not remain unobserved, the purpose was not to be mistaken. Gertrude was warned: she did not heed it; they told her of Mara's previous life: she would not believe it; they brought her unanswerable proofs: "He will become better!" Even king Frederic, who knew Mara, and really wished her well, caused her to be warned: but all in vain; indeed opposition appeared rather to excite in her the spirit of contradiction and confirm her in her own will. So she went before the king (1773, in her four and twentieth year) with the petition that she might marry Mara. King Frederic received it with manifest displeasure. "Tell her," said he to Benda, "she may do what she pleases with the fellow, only she must not marry him." But marriage was precisely what Herr Mara wanted; the petition was repeated. The king, who almost always decided quickly, delayed this decision, from easily conceivable motives of his gracious good will: the request was made a third time

and now granted; Gertrude became Mara's wife.

Now all went badly, as everybody had foreseen, except herself. Mara had money in abundance; he abandoned himself to his old habits. He kept himself up through the unbounded devotion and love of his wife towards him; and so he injured and insulted everybody that came near him, and drew his wife with him into his quarrels. Complaint after complaint came in; reconciliation was in vain attempted; one quarrel settled only begat several new ones.

Gertrude at last began to feel that things could not go on so. But what was to be done? As to converting or even bridling her husband, that she could not; quite as little could she leave him: and as she had brought the evil upon herself in spite of general warning, her pride demanded that she take her husband's part, publicly, everywhere, and contend for him by every means at the disposal of a fascinating singer. Even Mara himself seemed to perceive that things could not go on in that way: but it by no means occurred to him, as a serious matter, that he had only to change himself, to bring all right again; he was much more interested in the fact that the money-chests would stand open everywhere in the wide world to his wife. This consideration was confirmed by a private proposal from London, in which she was guaranteed three concerts with 16,000 dollars and 2,000 dollars travelling money. Accordingly he persuaded, he compelled the wife to ask leave of absence. She did it, as she did everything which he insisted on. The king rejected the petition in harsh terms, and that tempting offer had to be declined. Vexation and anxiety, ever renewed, burning passion for a faithless husband, and finally miscarriage, brought Gertrude upon a sick bed. She recovered only slowly; the physician advised the Bohemian baths. She asked permission, but the king declared that "Freyenwalde, too, is good!" He knew well enough that, once over the borders, she would not return. She recurred to her plan, when she first entered the king's service, of going to Italy: He decided: "The (Mme.) Mara may go; but *he* remains." It was easy to foresee that she would not go without him. Restored to health, she sang, and all the more movingly; the whole public sympathized in her unhappy situation; the king likewise, who conducted himself graciously; but his decision remained unaltered. Embittered, full of gnawing chagrin, she now set about it in another way.

The grand prince, afterwards emperor, Paul of Russia, came to the court; a grand opera was to make one of the brilliant entertainments given him by the king; Gertrude had the first part and was to shine before all the rest: on the morning of the day, for which the representation was announced, she sent word that she was sick. The king sent her warning; she was still sick; the programme would have to be given up, and there was no time to substitute another entertainment. Two hours before the beginning of the opera a carriage appeared before Gertrude's dwelling, surrounded by eight dragoons. A rough bearded captain stepped into her chamber: "Madam, I must deliver you alive or dead at the opera house." "But, you see, I am confined to my bed." "If necessary, I can take you, bed and all." No entreaty, no resistance was of the least avail. Gertrude had to rise and dress herself.

The officer politely offered her his arm, led her to the carriage, seated himself beside her, and produced her in the opera green-room. In burning tears she let them dress her up. Her first scene came; she went on, sang languidly and feebly, yet everything exactly as it was written in the score. So too with the succeeding scenes. But the foreign prince, thought she, must hear too what I can do; and so, in her last aria before the finale of the opera, indeed in its very last bars, at the principal *fermata*, she expended all her art and power upon an elaborate cadenza, the like of which no one had ever heard before. Gertrude closed this cadenza with a trill so prolonged, so raised from *piano* to *fortissimo*, from a slow to a most rapid alternation of the two tones, and again by the same degrees diminishing and finally expiring, that the hearer, in raptures as he was, felt also an anxiety lest she might rupture a blood-vessel. The grand prince himself stood up and applauded, leaning forward from the box; the crowded house joined in with thundering jubilation.

But thus, with bitter chagrin at heart, with discontent and passionate outbreaks at home, constrained to sing for others' pleasure,—and in open opposition to the king, who not long before had become master of two hundred thousand Austrians and was now used to being feared by all the world: her case grew unendurable. As they had no power to alter circumstances, and no will to submit, the only alternative seemed to be to withdraw themselves. By force that was not possible; so they hoped to accomplish it by cunning. A secret flight was resolved upon: a most adventurous plan in a state, where the prevention of desertion, at least on the part of the military, was systematically organized and most promptly executed. The pair attempted it; but, as might easily have been foreseen, they were soon captured and brought back.

King Frederic, not to punish the unfortunate woman too severely, did not inquire how far she had had part in the plan, and considered her as one led away. But he treated the husband as a deserter and in good soldier fashion: the Herr chapel virtuoso was promoted to the office of drummer to a fusilier regiment in a fortress. It is presumable that the king even by this means wished to assist Gertrude; she would get used to separation from her husband, and, free from his personal influence, might come back to her own right mind; his disgrace before her and the public might awaken her self-respect, so that she would of her own accord propose a separation.

These views of the king, if he had any such, remained unrealized in Gertrude; she had entwined herself about this man with all the nerves and tendrils of her affectionate nature. She was in despair; she came in with the most moving entreaties, the most humble supplication for the release of her husband; she promised to live at peace with him thenceforward, and to be entirely at the service of the king. She elicited no answer, and Mara remained a drummer. Finally, she agreed for that price to dispense with the double salary above mentioned, and to serve for what had been freely offered her in the beginning. This—the king accepted, and so Mara came back. This sacrifice for him, who was once more her husband, won the liveliest sympathy of the public for her as a woman. This was expressed to her in every form; they presented her with a copper-

plate engraving, representing the scene, from the then admired French operette, "The Galley-Slave," where the lady takes off the chains from her beloved, with the inscription:

Ame tendre et généreuse,
Tu brisas mes fers. . .

Upon Mara this experience made at least such an impression that he suppressed his arrogance and avoided open quarrels.

So passed several years: what mournful years for Gertrude! What a home must her's have been! What torture for her to be obliged to while away the king's time with her talents, when all her reverence and love for him had changed to fear and trembling! to appear before the multitude—"in beautiful garments," as Mignon has it in her song—for their delight, while her own heart was almost breaking with misery and torture! Her whole nature seemed transformed. She grew sickly, frequently quite ill; she shunned society, and nothing further gave her pleasure, not even her art; the light-hearted carelessness with which she had formerly passed her days, only concerned about her duties as an artist, had all vanished; a certain inward acerbity and bitterness was engendered in her, which repelled and gradually alienated others altogether. Gertrude now found everything intolerable, herself included: hence it is not to be wondered, that she consented, when Mara once more proposed flight.

This time they went to work more cautiously. Gertrude was to ride alone with one female attendant; Mara was to slip over the borders in a wholly different direction; they were to meet in Saxony. The stratagem succeeded. To be sure they were detained in Dresden by the Prussian ambassador, till he had written about them to the king and had received his orders: but he, weary perhaps of long resistance, and having now withdrawn almost entirely from the friend of his long life, Music, gave orders to send Gertrude her dismissal. He is reported to have said, of her relation to Mara: "A woman, who has entirely given herself up to a man, (the king's expression was even harsher,) is like a hound; the oftener you tread on him, the more devoted he becomes."

[To be continued.]

M. FÉTIS.

We abridge the following sketch from French and German sources:

FRANÇOIS JOSEPH FÉTIS, the learned musical theorist, critic and journalist, known also as an industrious composer, was born at Mons in Belgium, in 1784. He manifested a passion and talent for music at a very early age, and had his instruction from his father, who was organist at the Cathedral and conductor of the concerts in that city. He entered the Conservatory at Paris, in the year 1800, where he became the pupil of Rey in harmony. In 1804, he studied under Albrechtsberger in Vienna. He tried his fortunes in many branches of musical composition, not excepting symphonies and the larger forms of church music, but his true vocation more and more developed itself in the sphere of musical learning and criticism. He published first in 1823 his "*Traité élémentaire d'harmonie et accompagnement*," (Elementary treatise on harmony and accompaniment;) afterwards, in 1824, a valuable treatise on counterpoint and fugue ("*Traité du contrepoint et de la fugue*,") which was adopted as the basis of instruction at the Conservatory.

His next work was a memoir on the question: "What was the merit of the Flemish musicians in the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries," which received a prize from the Royal Institute of the Netherlands. In 1829, he published his "*Traité de l'accompagnement de la partition*," (Treatise on the accompaniment of a Score,) and in 1830 his popular little work, which has been translated into English and German; "*La musique mise à la portée de tout le monde*," (Music made plain to all the world.)

In 1827 Fétis commenced the publication of his very valuable musical journal, "*La Revue Musicale*," which he continued without interruption till November 1835, nearly nine years. Of the labors and responsibility of this task we may form some idea from his own description of it in his "*Biographie Universelle*: "With the exception of ten or twelve articles, Fétis edited the first five years alone, making an amount of matter equal to about 8000 octavo pages. During the first three years he gave every week twenty-four pages of small, close type, and in the fourth year thirty-two pages of a larger size. During this time he had to be present at all representations of new operas or revivals of old ones, at the débuts of singers, at all kinds of concerts; to visit the schools of music; inquire into new systems of teaching; visit the work-shops of musical instrument makers to render account of new inventions or improvements; analyze what appeared most important in the new music; read what was published, in France or foreign countries, upon the theory, didactics or history of music; take cognizance of the journals relating to this art, published in Germany, in Italy and in England; and even consult a great many scientific Reviews, for facts neglected in these journals; and finally keep up an active correspondence;—and all this without neglecting his duties as professor of composition in the Conservatory, or interrupting other serious labors." At the same time M. Fétis edited the musical "*Feuilleton*" in the newspaper "*Le Temps*," and he says that several times he has written three articles upon a new opera on the same day, amounting in all to about twenty-five octavo pages: namely one for his own *Revue*, one for the *Temps*, and one for the *National*; each article considered the opera under a different point of view, and all three appeared the day but one after the performance.

Fétis commenced the collection of materials for his great biographical dictionary of musicians as early as 1806. The first volume appeared in 1837 (Brussels; Meline, Cans & Co.) and the continuation in 1844 (Mayence; Schott & Sons). It is the most complete work of the kind in existence, filling eight large octavo volumes, under the title of, "*Biographie Universelle des Musiciens, et bibliographie générale de la Musique*," (Universal biography of musicians, and general bibliography of music.) It is a work valuable for reference, though the Germans complain, doubtless with some justice, of the partiality displayed in this and other writings of Fétis.

In the year 1833 Fétis was appointed director of the newly established Belgian Conservatoire at Brussels, which position he still holds. His musical journal has also been revived for some years past, under the title of *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, and principally edited by himself and his son. He has also continued to compose music, to write and publish books and treatises, theoretic, critical,

philosophical and didactic, and to give historical concerts and lectures upon music. For a fuller catalogue of his works, see article *Fétis*, in his "*Biog. Universelle*."

CHURCH MUSIC.

Ah, dearly do I love the organ's pealing,
With psalm-tunes holy and with anthem grand,
The while I drum the measure with my hand,
And gaze devoutly at the frescoed ceiling,
Where modern Angelos have spent their skill,
And mimic niche and pillar make display,
And shadows fling themselves in every way,
In independence of the sun's high will.
I love to hear the voice and organ blending,
And pouring on the air a cloud of sound,
Until, as with a spell, my soul is bound,
And every faculty is heavenward tending.
Bang goes a cricket!—Squalls a child, sonorous,
And earth's harsh discord drowns the heavenly chorus.
Shillaber's Poems.

Anecdotes of Gluck.

J. J. Rousseau's admiration for the genius of Gluck, as soon as he became acquainted with his works, is well known. All Paris observed him frequenting the theatre at every representation of Gluck's "*Orpheus*," although for some time previously he had absented himself from such entertainments. To one person he said on this subject, that Gluck had come to France to give the lie to a proposition which he had formerly defended, namely, that good music could never be set to French words. At another time he observed, that all the world blamed Gluck's want of melody; for himself, he thought it issued from all his pores.

Gluck was one day playing on his piano the part in "*Iphigenia in Tauris*," where Orestes, left alone in prison, after having experienced his accustomed agitation throws himself on a bench, saying, "*Le calme rentre dans mon cœur*." Some persons present thought they observed a contradiction in the bass, which prolonged the preceding agitation, after Orestes had declared that his heart was calm: they mentioned this to Gluck adding, "but Orestes is calm, he says so."—"He lies," exclaimed Gluck, "he mistakes animal exhaustion for calmness of heart; the fury is always here: (striking his breast): has he not killed his mother?"

On the day appointed for the first representation of his "*Iphigenia in Aulis*" at Paris, Gluck was informed that the principal singer had been suddenly taken ill, but that another would perform his part that evening. Gluck, who suspected cabal, immediately replied, "No; the performance must be postponed." That was declared impossible, the piece having been already advertised and announced to the royal family, under which circumstances there was no precedent of a postponement. "I will sooner," replied Gluck, "throw the piece into the fire, than submit to its being murdered in the way proposed." All remonstrance was in vain, and the circumstance was obliged to be reported to the royal family, who kindly allowed the performances of the night to be altered.

COULDN'T! COS HE SUNG SO!—Leaning idly over a fence a few days since, we noticed a little four-year old "lord of the creation" amusing himself in the grass, by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple-tree, which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually considered a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an ace of damage, when lo! his throat swelled and forth

came Nature's plea: 'A link—a link—a l-i-n-k, bob-o-link! a-no weet, a-no-weet! I know it! a link—a link—a link! don't throw it!—throw it, throw it,' &c., &c.; and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feeling, we approached him, and inquired:—

'Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home.'

The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression of half shame and half sorrow, he replied: 'Couldn't, cos he sung so.'

Who will say that our nature is wholly depraved, after that; or aver that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast. Melody awakened humanity, and humanity—mercy! The angels who sang at the creation whispered to the child's heart. The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys! don't stone the birds.—*Clinton Courant.*

"Benvenuto Cellini" in London.

The *Musical World* (London) thus relates and accounts for the failure of Berlioz's opera at the Royal Italian Theatre. The play upon the word *cabaletta* is amusing. The technical meaning of the term will perhaps be asked. It is used in most modern Italian operas to designate some little very singable and taking aria, which is commonly left to the mood and discretion of the singer as to time, and therefore marked *ad libitum*. Commonly, too, the aria is sung once simply and once with ornamental variations.

The opera of *Benvenuto Cellini* was composed for the Académie Royale (Nationale-Imperiale) de Musique et de Danse, no less than fifteen years ago. It was produced here in September, 1838, performed once, and put down by a cabal. The same fate attended it on Saturday night, June 25th, 1853, at the Royal Italian Opera. The opera was played, it is true, from beginning to end, but it was not listened to with sufficient attention to justify any verdict that may have followed the descent of the curtain. A strenuous opposition was maintained, by a well-organized and cleverly distributed party, from the first note of the overture to the last note of the *finale*. The party succeeded in damning the opera, but failed to show that the music was bad, since the majority of the audience were not allowed to hear it.

Under these circumstances we decline entering into any account of *Benvenuto Cellini*. Thus much we may say, however, as a matter of opinion:—the book is one of the silliest ever written, while the music, whatever its peculiarities (defects, if you please,) is interesting throughout—interesting for many reasons, and for none more than for its entire originality.

We wish we had been at Weimar when *Benvenuto* was brought out at the theatre, under the auspices of the intrepid Liszt, before the Court, and in presence of the composer. A correspondent of the *Athenæum*, who went to Weimar, to hear the opera, gave a full account of its success, and a long analysis of the music, which was read with avidity by the admirers of Berlioz, among whom we have the honor to rank.

Did the little capital of the little German Duchy read a lesson to the large capitals of Gaul and Britain? Time will prove.

Meanwhile, *nous ne sommes pas si bêtes* as to set down the demonstration of Saturday night as significant of anything that regards the merits and demerits of *Benvenuto Cellini* as a work of art.

1. The Royal Italian Opera is an Italian theatre.

2. The Italian repertoire of good old sterling operas is exhausted.

3. There is not an Italian composer of genius, or even of talent, now living and writing. (Rossini is living and fishing.)

4. Meyerbeer, Auber, Halévy, are gradually taking possession of the Italian stage in London.

5. Jullien has had an opera produced at Covent Garden.

6. None of Verdi's operas succeed in this country.

7. Her Majesty's Theatre is shut up.

8. The Italians begin to tremble for their supremacy. They have long reigned and long monopolised.

9. There are at least 500 Italian composers in and about London, with one, two, three or more operas in their port-folios. Say 2000 MS. operas at a round guess.

10. Mr. Gye cannot bring out 2000 Italian operas by obscure composers in one season, or even two. Moreover, in all likelihood, the very first he brought out, would empty his boxes, pit, stalls, amphitheatre, and gallery. Not a dog, a cat, a mouse, or a living creature of any known form would remain in the theatre. Even the spiders, who by this time must have acquired a certain taste for music, would run over the roof, and build their webs on the adjacent houses. Anything, indeed, in the "*cabaletta*" shape, from a new hand, would knock up Mr. Gye and knock down his establishment. The carpenters would go to sleep. The ballet girls would get varicose-veins; and the band would become stark to a member.

11. A new "*cabaletta*," then, is impossible. As well go back to Tubal Cain, with his hammer. Preserve us, Heaven, from the "*cabaletta*." We wonder we are not dead of the "*cabaletta*," this many a year gone. There are 100,000 "*cabalettas*" all alike. We would rather disinter the works of Blewett, and place them on the stage, with a *libretto* by Manfredo Maggioni, and Grisi and Mario in the cast. Any thing sooner than a "*cabaletta*." Tubal Cain and his hammer, the primitive music, would be far more welcome. The sparrow on the house-tops, with his music, or the cat in the *area*, with his music, or the old sailor without legs who carries a ship on his head and sings a gruff song, with his music, would be better for Mr. Gye than a new "*cabaletta*." The very thought of a "*cabaletta*" makes us sneeze.

12. There are no "*cabalettas*" in *Benvenuto Cellini*. Berlioz likes not the "*cabaletta*." He never disguised his aversion to the "*cabaletta*." For 20 years he has declared it in the *Debats*. Therefore the "*cabaletta*" likes not Berlioz (as Cherubini said of the *fugue*).

13. The derivation of *cabaletta* is evident. It comes from Cabal. It is a name of endearment for Cabal. The Italians, like the Germans, add something to names, in familiar conversation. The Germans would say *Cabalchen*. The Italians say *Cabaletta*.

14. BERLIOZ likes not CABALETTA, and CABALETTA likes not BERLIOZ.

15. There is a fable about a dog in a manger.

ELEUSINIA.

Lines suggested by the bas-reliefs on the Portland Vase; the figures of which are supposed to be illustrative of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

Blue darkness, as of deep midsummer nights,
Rolls round this Vase before me; and I see
The grand, pale phantoms of an older time
Fixed by consummate Art for evermore.

What naked man is this, that, fearfully,
Beneath a pillar'd portico moves on
Into the glimmering dusk? He, sick at heart
With the dull shows and wrangling of this life,
Would pass the magic Temple doors, and know
The faces of the glad Eternal Gods;
Would enter the majestic regions lying
Above the Olympic peaks, and gaze far down
The dazzling pits of Being, and the abyss
Where suns, and moons, and stars, without an end,
Boil upward like a storm of sparkling dust
Upon a ceaseless wind. And he would hear
The swift and glassy spheres, Heaven over Heaven,
Their nine-fold crystal thunders modulate
To perfect music and sublime consent,

In-orbing all things with round harmony;
Yet, pausing as in doubt and natural fear
Of what those haunted boundaries may enclose,
He stands upon the threshold of two worlds,
And hears the voices calling either way.

Oh, floating Love! white star within the dark!
Clear herald of the morning! lead him on
Through the long silence and the mystical night
To where the gods reveal themselves in flame,
And the great secret of the world lies bare.
Oh, beckoning Love! keep ever on thy path
With forward wings and backward looks, that he
May pass unfaltering the severe aspects
That gloom about the palace-doors of Jove;
And, entering, may behold, and yet still live,
The fountain of that elemental Life
Which is the essence of all forms and modes,
From the intensest star beyond the sun
To the dejected worm; that subtle spirit
Which from inert, cold matter, summons forth
The green enchantments of the Spring, and all
The richness of the harvest. Lead him on
Past the old satyr visages, whose eyes,
For ever upward cast, seem ever waiting
Some revelation of the hidden sense
Of Heaven's marmoreal hieroglyph. And thou,
Fair shape of woman, whom the wise snake loves
To play with (like grey Knowledge twining round
The eternal youth of Beauty), hold him thus,
With thy kind hand upon his arm, until
His doubt and fear have flown, and he perceives
The inner throbbings of Elysian dawn
Pulse in the darkness, and the widening day
Silently open like a golden rose.

I turn the Vase, and see two watching shapes,
Female and male, who steadfastly regard,
With looks that breed a sense of quietness,
A languid woman sitting on a heap
Of rugged stones, beneath a large-leaved tree,
Close by a column; with one hand upthrown
Across the head; the other drooping
Holding a drooping torch, whose flame, nigh spent,
Falters and faints upon the verge of dusk.
A waking sleep, with pageantries of dreams,
Holds her in trance; and all the tide of life
Is at an ebb. Oh, melancholy eyes!
Oh, empty eyes, from which the soul has gone
To see the far-off countries! still look thus
Over the wastes of Time, that we may read
Thy owner's history written large and fair.

She, by long fasting and much solitude,
And by strong aspiration, has attain'd
To inward vision of the outward world;
Till, down the burning vistas of new sense
Her spirit, like a taper-dazzled moth,
Embalms itself in brightness, and is blown
In gusts of splendor round that central flame
Which lights the gross mass of the Universe,
As clouds are lit with sunrise. She has seen
The awful sanctities of Birth and Death
And Resurrection, and the hearts of things.
"Oh, Light, and Love, and Majesty, and Power,
Whereto my soul has journeyed from afar!
The strength of thy perfections drinks me up,
As drops of feeble rain or feeble dew
Are caught into the sunbeams! I am drawn
Into the wind of thy swift orbit—swung
Round the vast circle of created forms:
A conscious atom in the conscious whole;
A portion of the never-resting scheme.

AGREEMENT AND DIFFERENCE.—Sentiments join man to man, opinions divide them. The former are elementary and concentrate, the latter are composite and scatter. The friendships of youth are founded on sentiment: the dissensions of age result from opinion. If we could know this at an early age, it, forming our own mode of thought, we could acquire a liberal view of that of others, and even of those that are opposed to ours; we should then be more tolerant, and endeavor to reunite by sentiment, what is divided and dispersed.—*Goethe.*

MUSICAL WALKING CANE. The *British Whig*, of Kingston, C. W., boasts the possession of a very ingenious specimen of flute and walking stick combined, which answers admirably for either purpose. "It is of Parisian Manufacture, and its tones are equal to those of any Flute. One of these 'Orphean Walking Canes,' in possession of the writer, on being taken up by a demon of the 'British Whig,' played 'Nelly Bly' of its own accord, and had commenced 'The Last Rose of Summer,' when its owner made his appearance, when it struck up 'Wha'll be King but Charlie?' winding up the concert with a famous solo, such as walking stick never chirped before.—Our musical friends need not want now for 'musical companions.'"

BEAUTY.—Beauty is inexplicable: it appears to us a dream, when we contemplate the works of great artists; it is a hovering, floating, and glittering shadow, whose outline eludes the grasp of definition. Mendelssohn, [the philosopher, grandfather of the composer] and others tried to catch Beauty as a butterfly, and pin it down for inspection. They have succeeded in the same way as they are likely to succeed with a butterfly. The poor animal trembles and struggles, and its brightest colors are gone; or, if you catch it without spoiling the colors, you have at best a stiff and awkward corpse. But a corpse is not an *entire* animal, it wants what is essential in all things, namely, life—spirit, which sheds beauty on everything.—Goethe.

The Mocking Bird of America.

The American mocking bird is the prince of all song-birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and, besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming-bird to the eagle. Pennant states that he heard a caged one imitate the mewing of a cat, and the creaking of a sign in high winds. Barrington says his pipes come nearest to the nightingale of any bird he ever heard. The description, however, given by Wilson, in his own inimitable manner, as far exceeds Pennant and Barrington as the bird excels his fellow-songsters. Wilson tells us that the ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening to and laying up lessons, mark the peculiarity of genius. His voice is full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear and mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accents he faithfully follows his originals, while in strength and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native woods upon a dewy morning, his song rises above every competitor; for the others appear merely as inferior accompaniments. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most five or six syllables, generally uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor, for half an hour or for an hour at a time. While singing, he expands his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music; and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy; he mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away; he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain. A bystander might suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill—each striving to produce the utmost effect—so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement, he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. He repeats the tune taught him, though it be of considerable length, with perfect accuracy. He

runs over the notes of the canary and of the red bird with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters confess his triumph by their immediate silence. His fondness for variety, some suppose injures his song. His imitation of the brown thrush is often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue bird are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens. During moonlight both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters in their nocturnal excursions, know that the moon is rising, the instant they hear his delightful solo. After Shakespeare, Barrington attributes, in part, the exquisiteness of the nightingale's song to the silence of the night; but if so, what are we to think of the bird, which, in the open glare of day, overpowers and often silences all competition? The natural notes of the American mocking-bird are similar to those of the brown thrush.—Audubon.

LONGEVITY OF MUSICIANS.—The following list of musicians, with the age at which they died respectively, is well worthy of attention:

Dr. Aldridge, 91; Dr. Ayrton, 74; Barthelmon, 74; Bird, 80; Dr. Burney, 88; Dr. Child, 90; Clementi, 80; Cervito, 96; D. Corri, 81; Crosse, 70; Geminiani, 96; Giardini, 80; Gluck, 75; Neil Gow, 80; Handel, 75; Haydn, 76; M. Kelly, 76; Madame Mara, 82; Dr. Miller, 76; Palestrina, 81; Pouchee, 109; John Parke, 84; J. P. Saloman, 77; J. Sale, 72; J. S. Smith, 86; W. Shield, 80; Sir J. Stevenson, 74; S. Webbe, 77; C. Wesley, 78; S. Wesley, 70; &c.

Cocks's Misc.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Strictures upon the Stage,

AS IT EXISTS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

IV. TRUTH OF EARTH AND SKY NEGLECTED.—(Concluded.)

Again, let us look at the subject of Sky Expression. The highest effort of art here, would indicate a study of the expression of the sky and clouds as connected with the scene to be performed. Surely this is as important on the stage as in a 'battle painting' or an historical painting, and will make or mar equally the same. Yet on the stage one sky is made to serve all purposes and all scenes.

Some scenes in Shakespeare I would have confined to a mere low horizon and all the impression imparted to the sky. Of all objects affecting the mind through the medium of sight, the expression of the sky affects it perhaps more strongly than any. Without variety in this regard, how can we obtain poetical harmony? Would not a dark and portentous sky, with black clouds flying in collateral directions, as before a great wind, give power and elevation to a scene of strife? Shakespeare in such scenes strives at similar impressions throughout his poetry. The following lines occur on a field of battle:

"This battle fares like to the morning's war
When dying clouds contend with glowing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day or night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forced to retire by fury of the wind;
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better; then another best;
And tugging to be victors breast to breast,
Yet neither conquerer nor conquered;
So is the poise of the fell war."

Now turn your eyes to that streak of speechless blue, hung there to represent sky; and how cold, how disconcerting, how disgusting is its dumb monotony! It should be labelled, as in olden times, with a placard to signify its intention. Surely it requires an interpreter, like the moonshine of Bottom the weaver:

"But there are two hard things;
That is to bring the moonlight into a chamber;
For you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet
By moonlight."

"One must come in with a
Rush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes
To disfigure, or to represent the person of
Moonshine."

Alack, how many 'Bottoms' we have had for managers! I shall quit the subject. Not for lack of matter; the subject is a grand one. Justice to Shakespeare in respect to sky expression alone would be a triumph. His works are full of sublime demands upon us to lift our eyes unto the sky, our hearts to the influences springing therefrom; the mysterious but unmistakable handwriting of God. O, where is the counterpart of this Book of Nature! And where the counterpart of such expositions of her every day work!

"See how the morn, with russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

"Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops."

By Jupiter! we want a *changing sky*.

"Last night, when you came star
That's eastward of the pole, had made his course
To illumine that part of heaven where now it burns,"—

Here the scene is dictated by Shakespeare, yet is never so represented in Hamlet. I remember seeing the starry firmament introduced in a representation of 'Coriolanus,' in London, in a scene in which Caius Martius stood on a balustraded terrace, and looked down on the city of Antium. The stage was the terrace, and the city had the appearance of being below the level of the stage.

But these remarkable exceptions prove only the possibility of that for which I am contending. And I believe science and art will furnish the means for the fulfilment of everything that Shaksperian representations require.

But in the face of such general neglect, such misbegotten, unpoetical substitutes for truth, we will live and hope.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 23, 1853.

Honor to Art and Industry.

Under this heading the New York Tribune makes some just and trenchant comments on the inauguration of the great festival of Art and Industry at the opening of the Crystal Palace. The platform, it appears, was covered with politicians, soldiers, clergymen, and all the usual occupants of posts of honor, while no such distinction was extended even to the architects, who planned the noble edifice; and neither they nor any of the priests and heroes of the Useful and the Beautiful, the Artists and Inventors, were toasted or in any way alluded to in the vulgar and common-place political speech-making at the banquet which succeeded. Let statesmen and clergymen, and perhaps too, for some time to come, military heroes and commanders, have all the honor that accrues to them in their own several spheres. They all have their occasions, where they are justly paramount. But this was the festival of Labor, the festival of Art and Industry and Genius, of the peaceful, patient, quiet heroism which subdues rough nature to the wants of man and moulds the outward world into harmonious correspondence with the purest and divinest instincts of the soul. Here we assembled to behold what Art and Industry have done for us; and the artists, the inspired mechanics, the chiefs of industry, the inventors and executors of invaluable models and appliances of Use and Beauty, were

really the only persons who could wear a princely presence in this palace.

It is *their* Palace, as it is *their* hour, their demonstration altogether. For the first time the word Palace has a meaning and a fitness upon this side of the ocean. Palaces have implied kings and princes, false and envious distinctions. But this is the Palace of Industry, typifying the supremacy of the honest working millions, and glorifying those arts and occupations which are gradually emancipating, refining and elevating humanity, and lifting mankind at large up into the true and glorious estate of manhood. This is what gives Music, Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, as well as Poetry and Philosophy, all their worth. It is for the humanity that is in them, whereby they react inspiringly upon the humanity in each of us, that we respect and love and cherish all these arts. And the mission of the mechanic, of the intelligent laborer, is not, after all, so very distinct from that of the artist or the poet. For what is labor without intelligence, without a certain quickening ideal of perfection and completeness that nerves and guides with a religious certainty each blow. The crown of use is beauty. It is in the material as in the moral world; even a religious life fails to pass current until it attains to the "beauty of holiness." And so the mechanic arts all seek their perfection, not in superadding elegance to use, but in perfecting the rough prose of use into the poetry of beauty. More and more the civilized man demands an exquisite grace and finish in the commonest utensil, as in his house and furniture. We take this hint from nature, where every form, while most divinely fitted to its use, is thereby at the same time a revelation of beauty that enchants the poet and the artist. All progress in society is a tendency towards a life that shall be altogether artistic. The cultivation of Taste is indispensable to any true society; there cannot be liberty, there cannot be harmony, or happiness, or real holiness without it. Now if the fine arts create inspiring models, the mechanic arts translate their influence into every-day forms, multiplied all around us. If the sculptor sets up a noble form of beauty, which he moulded in the worship of beauty singly and directly for its own sake, so the mechanic and the artisan reflect this soul-inspiring lesson of beauty in the tasteful style and finish of their useful products, thus bringing the whole atmosphere and background of our daily life up to some correspondence with these best ideals of the artist. Art prophesies, what tasteful industry fulfils. It is a great day therefore in the history of our race, when men perceive this truth and when industry is inspired with a sublime self-respect, and erects its palaces, and holds great festivals that overlook the petty boundaries of nationality and call upon all mankind as members of one family to contemplate the general progress and look forward to the general destiny.

For this reason we say Amen! to the articles of the *Tribune*, and share its mortification at such a vulgar exhibition of barbarism as attended those inauguration ceremonies. But we have said more than we intended, which was simply to prepare the way by a few words for the following extracts:

We may as well confess the truth, but we do not live in a civilized country. The mere possession of edifices grand and diminutive, public and private, and the production of articles of

food and raiment, do not constitute civilization. The Romans, who had white slave-artists, men of genius or talent, were also civilized in the same sense. They could build a matchless Coliseum—still standing—a wonder of strength and design—but they also could make it the arena of gladiatorial combat, designedly ferocious and tragic. In this country also we have yet to see Labor and Art rewarded. We have yet to see an intelligent Mechanic or Artist, as such, elevated to eminent office; though if his blows and strength had been devoted to battering down ensanguined walls and he had a chivalric title, he might have been selected, other things equal.

Our public festivals are countless. On all national jubilee-days they spring up by tens of hundreds over the land. They are made the occasion of national glorification, or in other words, things and persons are supposed to be dwelt upon in toasts and speeches, which are honorable to the country, and enable it to hold its head up among others of the earth. But we record as a dismal fact, which taken single would place America among barbarous nations, that never, never on these occasions has any man been signalized, individuated, honored, or elevated by notice in toasts or speeches, who was not connected with politics either civil or military. We challenge proof of any such official notice being taken of Rumsey, Fitch, Evans, Fulton, Whitney, Morse, McCormick, Ericsson, Allston, Sully, Inman, Hicks, Powell, Powers, Greenough, Bryant, Willis, Irving, Anthon, Dr. Thomas Jones, Sears Walker, Silliman, Hare, Wells, Haviland, Strickland, Renwick, William Norris, David Dale Owen, Franklin Bache, Ralph Waldo Emerson, H. C. Carey—or any other of the historical names of the country—names which will live when the work of political shams will be reduced to their least elements, when Army and Navy shall be abolished. * *

This fact of political function overriding and stifling worth, work and genius upon all occasions of a public or national character was simply carried out in full deformity at the opening of the Crystal Palace; and, in order that the barbarism of that occasion might not be contrasted with its opposite at the public banquet at Niblo's Saloon, on the day following, the same ignoring of all names and persons not political was repeated.

Let us consider the real condition and philosophy of the occasion:

In presence of twice ten thousand spectators, of Commissioners from Europe and America, of the Chief Public Servant of the Republic, of a corps of journal-reporters taking down notes to be reproduced within a few days in thousands of newspapers at home and hundreds abroad, the ceremonies of the inauguration took place. There soared above them the vast dome: there loomed around them the great structure, covering five acres, and seemingly light as a dream: in which the might of engineering and the splendor of architecture resonant of the triumphs of the nineteenth century are combined—an architecture no stale iteration of the ever-present and under-done rendering of Grecian orders in this country, but palpitating with the courageous and advancing heart of the age—of the age when iron wrenched from the stubborn earth is made to work with the genius of the nation—to cut its way in the aboriginal forest; to redeem from swamp and pestilence the richest land; to wreath the great staples into form and value; to cleave in the steamer the angriest seas; to support with the strength of fabled deity whatever incumbent massive structure: and, in the last capacity, threaded through fields of crystal, to solve a new problem in the builder's skill. This all was before them—not the names of politicians who did nothing toward it, not the prizes of men paid out of the public purse, not the precedents and actors of Church and State—but Art and Labor so displaying its calculations and proportions, and so opening its doors to the world. But no Art or Labor was there represented in person, while the Roman ideas which confined greatness to the politician, warrior and priest—combined in the high patrician person—were

absolutely carried out, and the world did not appear to have advanced for two thousand years. And the Banquet which followed was full in keeping with the Inauguration. Sir Charles Lyell being a foreign Commissioner, and Lord Ellesmere, a Norman nobleman, being absent owing to severe indisposition, was called upon to speak, but that was the only real tribute to science on the occasion. We wished on that occasion to have something except from politicians, in power or out of power, but with the above reservation we did not hear a word. We would like to have seen the company rise up *en masse* and cheer the architects who planned the building, and thus receive the homage which was so ungallantly withheld from them at the Inauguration—in the same way that Mr. Paxton was thanked and honored in public. But there they sat—countrymen of Thorwaldsen—unnoticed and unknown—no more named than they are in the official catalogue of the Crystal Palace.

We have no patience with such proceedings. Rhetoric is palsied in characterizing them as they deserve. Fejee islanders would honor a Robinson Crusoe who would give them a new string to their bow, but on the greatest occasion of Art and Industry this continent has ever known, we thrust both into the background—we wrench the claims from genius—we drive the laborers among the rafters of the dome to look down like blackguard boys on the official crowd beneath—we tell the makers of the treasures of the Exhibition to keep by their wares "during the ceremonies," as though they were not fit to sit alongside of cassocks and soldier-clothes—we follow out the uniform political fraud that prates of this or that speech in Congress saving the Republic, that omits on every public occasion to signalize Genius, that never mentions the Inventor, Painter, Composer or Poet, that is circumscribed in a sea of Roman and Norman lies!

THE INFLUENCE OF ART. The presence of one artist, or even of one person artistically and earnestly devoted to an art, though of no great attainments therein, is much in any circle. We say the mere *presence* of such a person and of his art, though he do not teach it, or seek systematically to impart it to his neighbors, is a great educational influence. If he be not himself a creative genius, if he be neither painter, sculptor, nor composer, yet he may be a constant expositor of the works of genius. His presence in a manner domesticates the arts among us, ensures to them a due respect and value, calls out by example whatever of latent taste or talent there may be for them in others, and fills the atmosphere with their grace and sanctity.

Music is especially available in this way. Music should be valued in society, if not as a study, yet as a pervading presence. He that *makes* music, from no other motive but mere love of it, does even a greater good than he that teaches it. There should be music floating about in the air, which should never suffer it to be a dull atmosphere. Snatches of melody should visit the workman in the field or shop, should impart a rhythm, if nothing more, to idle thoughts, should arrest the violent purpose, should soften and refine all hearts and manners. The presence of good music is the presence of a good spirit. The presence of deep and earnest music is the same thing as the presence of the deep and earnest minds who composed it,—a presence more surely felt than their speech or looks could be. Music is the outpouring of the lives, of the hopes and prayers and faith of men like Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven. It is good to have them with us. We know the moral influence of music has been questioned. It all depends upon the character of the music. Music is an expression of character, of the moods, the spirit, and

the meaning of the man that makes it. His words can only tell the meaning of his thought; his music tells the meaning of him. A Beethoven surrounds you with a bracing Alpine element, he leads you into the solemn depths of nature, where everything excites earnest, unutterable spiritual longings; while a Rossini is like a gay city about you. Especially in earliest childhood is this influence felt. The very infant is affected by music. We care not that he should understand it, that he should even seem to heed or listen. An atmosphere of music is a peculiar atmosphere, as much as is the atmosphere of pine woods, or fresh fields. The sensibilities, the character, the tone of feeling, the aspirations, the habitual consciousness of the child will be affected by it, and his whole after-life will be redolent of it. Beethoven or Mozart may be made a presiding genius over his earliest education, before any teacher can begin to reach him or any thoughts shall have begun to shape themselves in his unconscious mind.

Berlioz's Opera Again.

The Critic of the *Athenaeum* gives a different view of the failure of *Benvenuto Cellini* in London, from that copied on a preceding page. In spite of characteristic vinegar, there would seem to be some good sense in it. He asks:

When, then, should fancies so distinct, with the advantage of orchestral coloring so luminous, delicate and voluptuous, so utterly have failed to please? Because our opera public is narrow and partisan? Because a cabal was raised 'to damn' the work, and this not 'with faint praise'? Neither solution is the real one. Because—we reply—the composer has been self-willed, without being mighty enough to bear down and to fascinate his audience by a personality which is musically defective. Because no touching ingenuity of color can in music of effect (which all theatrical music must be) make amends with a general audience for the disdain of known rules and for the mystification of form. The catastrophe of this day week is ascribable to the errors of the system which M. Berlioz has substituted for ordinary construction,—of which we have never lost sight nor varied in our expressed judgment of their taste and tendency. His plan of action—though far less remorselessly followed out in the opera which has failed than in the symphonies which have succeeded here—reminds us of nothing so much as of the tactics of a late English manager, who was laughingly accused of always keeping several goods plays in his strong box which were too good to be brought forward just at that moment. Let M. Berlioz exhibit a glimpse of a bright and characteristic and beautiful thought—lo and behold! it is forthwith snatched away, and the listener, denied the expected sequel, is dragged into labyrinths where all is vague and crude under pretext of his being raised above common-place and meagre pedantries. Yet, what is so old as confusion,—what so poor as disorder? That is no real affluence of design in which the artist, heaping up fancies, blots and scrawls one above the other,—tantalyzes the amateur with an impression that some child's random and feeble hand has been wantonly straggling over the master's sketch. It is of no avail to misapply terms,—to call that composition which is *de-composition*, to plead for new forms, when all form is perversely obliterated.

It is of no use for us to recollect that after a time zealous sympathy with an interesting heresiarch can work itself oblivion of grave defects for the sake of the great qualities that exist by their side. This no opera-goer has leisure to do: unless, like the Germans, he has long graduated in chaotic no-meaning—long tampered with no ideas for new ideas—ere he enters the opera-house. Nay, even among the Germans, it may be asserted, individual likes and dislikes have more to say on these occasions than revolutionary æsthetic convictions. Dr. Schumann's congregation—for

instance—is cold to those who burn incense at Herr Wagner's altar, and vice versa. Both parties are recalcitrant against the inroad of the French iconoclast—though he be far more original in his doctrine than either Dr. Schumann or Herr Wagner. For, that M. Berlioz has indicated the true genius of a discoverer in his treatment of the orchestra, few open-minded persons will dispute. We are satisfied, also, that he has within him the materials of a great poetical musician. That he possesses command over these materials—that he has in any entire work brought them out—are assertions, to maintain which must involve the sacrifice of every known principle, practice and proportion in music. We are inclined to fancy, that could he recommence his career, with his present experience, we should have that which is incomplete in him completed—that which is crude mellowed—that which is inaccessible simplified.

Highly Important!

BOSTON, JULY 19, 1853.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

DEAR SIR:—As you seem to be so passionately fond of foreign performers and their music, I think it would be more congenial to your feelings, and also to many American musicians, if you removed yourself, office, and contents, to Germany.

Yours Respectfully,

NATIVE MUSICIAN.

REPLY.—The shortest way of getting us to Germany, will be to help us double our list of paying subscribers. Take hold, then, patriotic native American musicians, instead of wasting your efforts in jealous opposition of all advocacy or welcome of these interloping countrymen and scholars of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and Pergolese and Rossini. If Mozart himself were to reappear on earth, and have the presumption to come over here and teach or give some concerts, you would perhaps flout him as an interloper, and cry out that the integrity and purity of the only genuine American school of musical art was endangered by his presence.

P. S. Our printer, reasonably enough, asks, "Why do you want the *contents* removed?"

"ELEUSINIA." Will some one inform us of the authorship of the beautiful poem on our fourth page? We found it in a Philadelphia paper, printed neither as original, nor with credit. Wedgewood copies of the "Portland Vase" are now so common, and its exquisite allegorical relief has puzzled so many curious admirers, that the poem will be read with interest.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

This evening the music on the Common will be by the GERMANIA SERENADE BAND, under the direction of Mr. SCHNAPP; and judging from the excellence of their performance at the Commencement festivals this week in Cambridge, we have reason to pray that the weather may not cheat us out of a rare feast. The ensemble of tone in their instruments, half brass, and half composed of clarinets, flute, bassoon, &c., was very fine; their intonation always pure and true (which is far from always the case with mere brass bands); and the tasteful regard to light and shade, and points of expression, for which this band have always been distinguished, as well as their choice and artistic selections, must raise our standard of good out-door music.

AN ORGAN CONCERT.—On Wednesday we had the pleasure to be present, with some sixty or seventy other invited guests, at a little musical feast of a choice and unique character. The motive of the assembling was to witness the effect in a new hall (the small hall, or chapel,

of the Tremont Temple), of a fine new organ just erected there, at a cost of \$1600, by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, of this city.

The organ is of course a small one, suited to the room, though the rich, large volume and clear, penetrating quality of most of its stops, would doubtless amply fill a much larger place. It has two rows of keys, with nine stops in the Great Organ, and seven in the Swell. It has twenty pedal keys (more than an octave and a half), connecting with Double Open Diapason sixteen-foot pipes. There are three couplings, and the number of registers is twenty-five. The whole number of pipes is about one thousand.

The instrument was played by Mr. WILCOX, one of our most promising, musician-like and well-schooled young organists, a pupil of Dr. Hodges, and now intimately connected with the organbuilding of the Messrs. Hook. He gave us an exceedingly varied and yet tastefully contrasted series of pieces, including some very clever and delicate improvisations in the free style. A fugue by Bach, the fugue piece from the Messiah: "For by his stripes," followed very naturally by the slow and solemn conclusion to "We like sheep," &c., were played with distinctness, and true feeling, and told very impressively in the little hall, which proves both richly resonant and free from all disturbing echo. In these pieces we could admire the powerful and mellow quality of the open diapason of the great organ, especially in the tenor register, where it is so often feeble and characterless. In another vein Mr. Wilcox played with rare delicacy of expression the prayer from *Freyshütz*, where that wild wind-harp accompaniment of the breeze sighing through the pine woods was beautifully conveyed by reed stops. Here, if we mistake not, we recognized the fine violoncello-like tones of a peculiar stop in this organ, called the *Viol d'Amour*.

With the aid of a good quartet choir, Mr. Wilcox also satisfactorily tested the virtues of his instrument in the accompaniment of chants, hymns, and other portions of the church service. Among the chants we recognized the solemn motive and harmony of Beethoven's *In questa tomba oscura*, which did impressive service in the chant form. Miss ANNA STONE sang, with all her brilliancy of tone and execution, and truth of intonation, the florid *Gratias Agimus* of Guglielmi, which she kindly repeated for the pleasure of the company. In this the clarinet obligato was effectively supplied by the organ.

Using the widest latitude of the organist's function, Mr. W. exhibited the variety of stops and the efficacy of the swell to great advantage in the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, which was quite a clever picture representation. Everybody left highly edified with the music and pleased with the chaste elegance, comfort and acoustic virtues of the "lesser temple." The lights, from gas burners suspended at intervals all over the ceiling, was sufficient, and grateful to the eyes, and gave a genial aspect to the place. The same may be said of the main hall or "greater temple," which had been courteously lighted for the inspection of the company as we passed out of the building. Further we have not room to say.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY seem to be happy and social from their success in the last winter's Concerts. Recently they presented their indefatigable secretary, Mr. J. L. Fairbanks, with a testimonial in the shape of a silver service,—and now on Tuesday they are to make a grand excursion down to Hingham.

NEW YORK.—The SONTAG-MARETZKE Opera, at Castle Garden, would seem to be the finest musico-dramatic combination that has yet been realized in America, and all reports proclaim it successful. Surely it ought to be, with such singers, and in such a place! Sontag, with Salvi and Badiali, in *Lucia*; Steffanone, with Salvi, in *Norma*, (in which Steffanone can be great, and they say, was so this time); Sontag again in the *Elixir d'Amore*, as we have seen her in Boston;—this is no poor account to render. But the event has been the two performances of Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo*, with Steffanone as Alice, Sontag as the Princess, besides Salvi, Badiali, Beneventano, &c. And last night there was announced *Don Juan*, with Steffanone for the Donna Anna!

At Niblo's, Mme. ANNA THILLON is again the "enchanted," in that and her three or four other well worn rôles.

GLANCE AT THE CONTINENT.

On the 24th of June, the Académie Impériale de Musique closed with a performance of *Le Prophète*. Chénier sang the part of Jean de Leyden, and Mme. Tedesco that of Fides. The "*Choral de Bronze*," by Scribe and Auber, is in preparation for the re-opening, which will take place on August the 8th. Mademoiselle Louisa Steller had made a second début in the *Huguenots*. The *Jeûne Errant*, *Moïse*, and *La Favorite*, were amongst the latest performances. Mlle. Emmy La Grua is engaged for the Imperial Theatre of Vienna. The Opera Comique closed on the 19th of June.

The Committee of the Association of Dramatic Artists (Paris), announce a Ball, at the Jardin d'Hiver, for the 7th of July.

Ernst, the great violinist, has been received with great enthusiasm at Rochelle. He retains, it is remarked, that firm bowing and vigor, which placed him in the highest rank on his first appearance; but he has gained much in precision, and *prestidigitation*, to borrow a term, which seems to be consecrated to another instrument. His fantasia on Hungarian Airs called forth the loudest applause.

At Vienna, Teresa Milanollo, the lady violinist, has given a series of eighteen concerts, and cleared 22,000 florins, about £2000 sterling. Paganini scarcely excited so great a furor. The Court and the high aristocracy were present at all her concerts. The Opera was opened on the 11th of June, with the *Prophète*. Roger, the famous Parisian tenor, is engaged.

A new musical journal is publishing at Florence, called the "*Gazzetta Musicale di Firenze*."

Mme. de Begnis has just died in Italy, at the age of 53. Her first appearance in Paris was in 1819, where she made her debut in the character of Rossini, in Rossini's Barber.

It is not true, it seems, that Rossini was composing a mass for the *sacre* of the French Emperor.

Auber retains his position of Director of the Chapel, &c. to his Majesty, although the Chapel is (provisionally) dissolved.

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